

Good Morning 610

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Sleeping Beauty mustn't be awakened, Sto. Dick Goodall

YOUR daughter had just gone to sleep when we called at 95, First Avenue, Dagenham, Essex, Stoker Dick Goodall, and we were too kind-hearted to wake her, so we had to get a picture of her in her pram.

Linda certainly is a fine looking baby, and she is always wanting to write to you and to her Uncle John. If she goes on like that, it won't be long before you are getting letters from this

grown-up young lady of nearly two years.

Both Charlie and your father were expected home soon after our visit, and we were told that they are both keeping well. As for Johnny, well, he's still feeling the effects of those evenings at the Millhouse Social Club, but otherwise he, too, is enjoying the very best of health.

Mary asked us to close by sending you all her love, and she added that she hopes to see you soon.

SECRET WEAPON SHOCKED KING

THE flame-thrower may have been invented nearly two hundred years ago, by a Frenchman.

It was when Louis the Fifteenth was at war with Britain that a man named Dupre, who had spent his life making experiments in chemistry, brought to the notice of the King his secret weapon which would win the war.

It was "a fire so rapid and so devouring that it could neither be evaded nor quenched, water only giving it fresh activity."

A trial of this wonderful fire was made at Versailles in the presence of the King and his experts. Scepticism changed to

amazement when Dupre demonstrated the effectiveness of his invention.

It was clear he had a secret which could be used to burn an enemy fleet or destroy a town, despite all resistance.

But, according to the story, Louis was horrified at the savagery of the new weapon, and ordered that it should never be made public.

And Dupre, a disappointed man, carried the secret with him when he died sometime later.

It was left to the modern German to inflict the flame-thrower on the world.

D.N.K.B.

Gangsters Will Rise Again

Predicts STUART MARTIN in his Second Article
on American Crime

TO write of crime in America—as I have been asked to do—is to write of crime as it is not known in Britain. Across the Atlantic, law-breaking cuts a wider swathe; it is more savage, more ruthless, more comprehensive. It is rooted deeper. It is organised as a Force.

It attained its height of daring and power during the period of Prohibition, which came into force in 1919 and lasted until the repeal in 1933. That is the period I know; yet I would not say, as some have declared, that Prohibition was the origin of gangsterdom.

The gangs were alive before Prohibition. Graft was rife before the beer-barons defied the "law that nobody wanted." Prohibition was just another outlet for them.

IN a sense, the crime of U.S.A. is following the record of London itself, so don't be so cocky that England has been spotless. You'll fool yourself there. We had Tammany methods in London just over a century ago, and in 1816 a House of Commons Committee delved deep and found that certain districts in the metropolis were dominated by a firm of brewers. The chairman of the Licensing Justices, Sir Daniel Williams, was getting his "cut," and no publican got a licence unless the brewers favoured him. The brewers got the trade, Sir Dan got his graft, and the pubs were dens of iniquity.

Why, the job of High Constable was not a paid job, yet there were many applicants. I leave the guess to you.

Even the watchmen of London were in it. A song was

composed which expressed their attitude:—

If a burglar breaks in,
To take gold is no sin;
And Bill Pickpurse may pass
If he gives me a glass.
As I drinks, so I bawls,
At the stroke of St. Paul's,
"Past two o'clock and a
cloudy morning."

Having given that back-hander to England, let's focus on America again. Most of the gangsters have gone, or are lying dormant at present. Al Capone is retired with cancer eating into him. Many of the other leaders have been bumped off. But that is not to say that gangsterdom is finished. I believe it will break out again after the war.

Why did the gangs arise, and how? America is peopled by folks who are cool, stern, ana-

lytical by nature. But they are also highly emotional. Before the 1914 war a Communist scare swept from Atlantic to Pacific. Big Business got scared. Politicians got the wind up. If a workers' strike broke out it was blamed on "these bastard Communists." If a bomb went off it was the same argument. The Constitution was in danger. Freedom was in peril.

When criminals were caught the cry was for the utmost penalty of the law. A system of parole had been established so that prisoners of good conduct got free on a sort of ticket-of-leave. It was blamed for being "soft." I remember the Governor of Colorado was elected (like some others) because he pledged himself to abolish paroles for criminals.

The men inside the prisons heard all this. Away went their hopes of release. And one day Canon City gaol had a riot, and thirteen men inside the prison were killed, half of them guards. Riots broke out at Folsom prison, at Leavenworth, at Dannemora, at Auburn, and elsewhere.

Back came the discharged soldiers from the war, looking for that country fit for heroes. But the politicians forgot their promises. I saw the bread-

line in New York, in Chicago, reach more than a mile in length.

Starvation or what? Labour blamed Big Business. Big Business blamed the "economic situation," whatever that is. The breadline got longer. Class conflict was openly talked.

It was a chance for organisation of the criminals and the potential criminals. Out of that organising came the gangs. The protection racket started. It became in importance a

USELESS EUSTACE



"Five o'clock she's gotta be milked, chum! And blowed if I'm comin' out in the middle of the big picture!"

racket next to booze-running, gambling, dope-peddling.

Protection consisted of a smart boy or two walking into a store and saying to the owner, "You know there's been a bit of burglary down the street. Now, if you come into our protection, you'll be O.K. We are formed into a Protection Organisation. The price is fifty (or a hundred) dollars weekly. What about it?"

If the owner said "No," he got another call; and if he still said "No," he found his windows out and his stock on the sidewalk. He generally said "Yes," and paid up. Money for nothing.

But not always for nothing. I knew of one cinema in Brooklyn where the directors were told that they would be protected for 150 dollars weekly. They closed right away with the offer. It was worth it. Within a month all the other cinemas had been blasted, or their audiences sent scattering with stink bombs. Within two months there wasn't another cinema in the district doing business. The protection price was then 300 dollars weekly.

Labour unions in New York, Chicago, elsewhere too, were protected by gangsters. The gangs could use the politicians and the politicians could use the gangs. I was in Chicago when Big Bill Thompson was elected. What would you do if somebody shoved a few dollar bills into your hand and said, "Listen, buddy, vote for So-and-so?"

If you shoved the bills back you got a crack that put you in the gutter. What is one vote, anyway? You'd think. Thousands thought just like that.

It went deeper. It went right into the police organisation. (Continued on Page 3)



MUSTERING AT MOAT FARM AND TWO AT THE WINDOW for A.B. Lawrence Bitten

WELL, here you are, A.B. Lawrence Bitten. It is all the family we could muster in one afternoon at 6, Council House, Cowlinge, Newmarket, and after collecting your young brothers, Derek and Michael from school and Mother from home, we all went to Moat Farm.

Dad was too busy milking to come home so we went to him and took our photograph right by the cowshed. The black cat insisted on being included, but the cows, after a look of astonishment at this funny camera business, backed out of the way. They were not having any, thank you very much. Cows are like that.

On our return home to No. 6, there were two laughing pretty faces at the window—sister Nelda and your fiancée, Pearl, both looking very well indeed and full of fun.

Mother got busy with an ex-

cellent tea, home-made jam and almost pre-war bread and butter and what must have been one of your mother's special cakes. Can you imagine the picture? The bright room and bowls of flowers. Of course, you can! And wouldn't they have been pleased to have you there.

Pearl was wearing a submarine brooch, just as you might expect. You and Pearl seem to have known one another a long time—we noticed the school group over the fireplace, all of you very small children indeed!

Agnes, your other sister at Newmarket, is only home at week-ends so she was the only one of the family we did not see.

Brother Derek wishes you all the best of luck and says you are seeing the places he wants to see. He intends to be a mechanical engineer.

Young Mike is quite fit again

and looks it. He says he looks after the chickens and his great pet Fluffy, the kitten. A nice boy.

In the middle of February all the family went to a social in the village in aid of the Home Coming Fund and this realized £6 7s. 1d. Sister Nelda and Derek took part in the play, "A Merry Song."

A whist drive made £2 12s. 6d. and Christmas carol singers Nelda, Derek, Pearl, Raymond and Frank made £5, all for the same cause. Very good work for such a small and scattered place.

Albert Barber asks to be remembered to you; he hopes you get his letters.

Mother and Dad send love, in fact, they all do. Mother says it gives her pleasure to send off the weekly packet of papers and hopes you get them.

That's about all, Lawrence, and we were very pleased to meet your family.



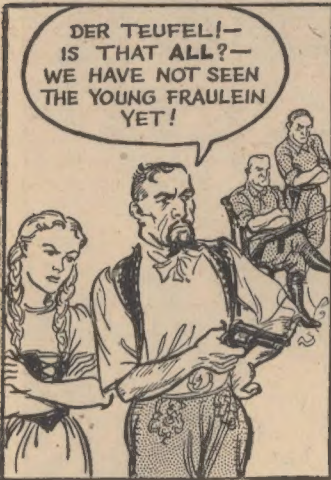
WANGLING WORDS—549

1. Behead a point and get to the summit.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—Whit ton solot deedg yalp.
3. What island in the West Indies has A for the exact middle of its name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Would the man who won the ——— for a putty medal?

Answers to Wangling Words— No. 548

1. S-tench.
2. Vain folks covet praise.
3. VancoUver.
4. Spare pears.

JANE



GANGSTERS WILL RISE AGAIN

(Continued from Page 1) In June, 1930, the control of things, and crime, were such big propositions that the Chief of Police left his office in defeat. He admitted he was no match for Capone or Bugs Moran.

Capone told me this: "A gangster, as you call him, is straightforward in his game. He knows he can buy politicians and leaders. He buys them. Why not? Don't the big fellows buy each other in politics and civic matters? I can buy any cop right up to the captain. What the hell's the good of a crack on the head to a cop? He's human. He likes money."

And that is why most of the gangsters who were bumped off by rivals still had big wads in their pockets when picked up. Bugs Moran had about 150,000 dollars. Pocket money. If he was doing real business with somebody he went to his bank!

It was not only in Chicago that graft and gangs ruled. It was commonly said in those days that the most corrupt city

was Philadelphia. Memphis had more murders per capita than any other city. New Jersey and Michigan were the most deep in bootlegging territory. New York—well, New York was different. Slightly. That was where Rothstein reigned.

Rothstein was the coldest-eyed man I ever saw. He was slick, suave, deadly. He ruled the gangs, and much else. Politicians did his bidding. And then.

On November 4th, 1928, Rothstein, immaculate Arnold Rothstein, was in his swell apartment when the phone called him over to Park Central Hotel to see George McManus, racketeer.

Rothstein strolled over, patent shoes, gold tiepin, tailored to the last crease on his trousers.

They picked up his body, bullet-riddled, late that night next the hotel. No longer immaculate.

McManus said he hadn't called on the phone. Nobody was ever arrested. Silence over that. That's New York!

We got shakes now and then in Chicago. They had Drug-gan, the racketeer, and Frank Lake (another), in the Cook County jail pending the hearing of a Prohibition charge.

A newspaperman (that was me) wanted their story, and went up to the jail, asking to see Druggan. (Newspapermen can do that over there.) "Whaffor?" asked the guard. "I want his lowdown," said I. The guard stretched his arms leisurely.

"Druggan is out for a stroll, I guess," he said.

"Well, let's have a talk with Lake; he'll do."

"Lake?" said the guard, "why, you'd better come back around six o'clock. He dines out, does Frankie Lake."

Well, anything unusual is news, so back to the office, and a bit of writing was flung off the typewriter. Sarcastic writing.

And the result was a big show-up, and the Warden of Cook County jail lost his job and a Sheriff was arrested and went inside. But Druggan and Lake were soon free

again and went off to look even in the war, been a change after their racing stables. over in racketeering.

That's Chicago way!

Let me explain that the police throughout America are controlled by the city politicians. It is generally the Mayor who picks his Chief. I am not saying that all the police are corrupt. I am saying that, with magistrates and judges of State courts depending on politicians for their jobs, there are chances for looking after oneself. Don't the gangsters know it!

It shows the power of the gangs when Hollywood puts out so many gangster films and rakes around for men who can play the part. And not a film but was based on fact.

If the gangsters have fallen out of the national picture recently it is because their energies have been absorbed elsewhere, in the war, for one thing. But there has already,

It is a fact that they are racketeering in petrol coupons and in war necessities. And in other things.

No, don't think they are out of business. They will arise again, with new menaces, new crimes. Wait till the war is over and see.

ALEX CRACKS

"What did the doctor say when he was late on that rush call?"

"Hello, baby."

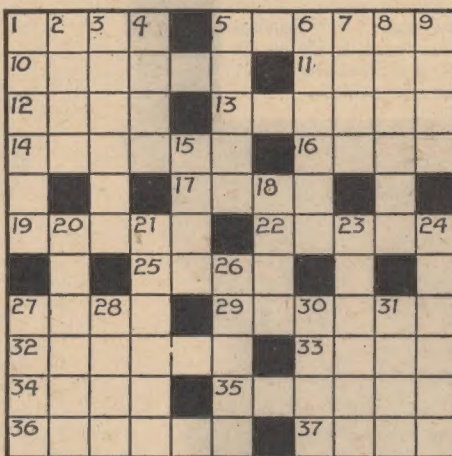
Patient: "I've got an awful pain."

Doctor: "Where?"

Patient: "Right 'ere."

Doctor: "Then why are you holding your left leg?"

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

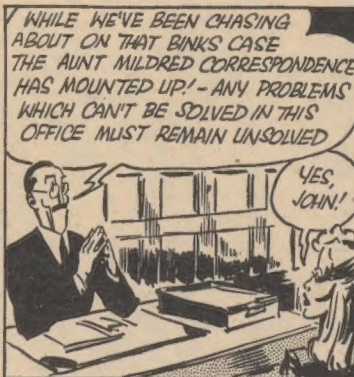
1. Clap.
5. Gun in bow.
10. Prodigal.
11. Flower.
12. Portent.
13. Bring about.
14. Extend.
16. Precious stone.
17. S. American Republic.
19. Moving herd.
22. Carrying weapons.
25. Ruminants.
27. Vex.
29. Garments.
32. Scents.
33. Mud, etc.
34. For fear that.
35. Roadway.
36. Spontaneously.
37. Due amount.

S. CHABLIS S
ABHOR CREST
LEANT CACTI
ACRE F NORM
DOG BUN NEY
MEMORANDA
HERON DISKS
A TUNIC U
SLATS REPEL
TOIL LARK
EGRET BYRES

CLUES DOWN.

1. Shut.
2. Rush around.
3. Carry to excess.
4. Tree.
5. Scold.
6. Zeal.
7. Liquid food.
8. Elude.
9. Dance.
15. Tip.
18. Row.
20. Varsity lecturer.
21. Spiral scroll.
23. Of the sea.
24. Sprinkled.
26. Try.
27. Outdoor game.
28. Mislaid.
30. The same author.
31. Genuine.

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Movie News

A CABLE from film director Harry Watt in Australia reveals that he has purchased on behalf of Ealing Studios a herd of 4,000 cattle. They will be "actors" in the film he is to make in that country, "Outlanders." The film will tell the dramatic story of the great cattle trek that took place when Japanese invasion threatened Australia's northern shores.

One of the strongest casts ever to be assembled for a single British film has now been signed for Michael Balcon's "omnibus" of ghost stories, "Dead of Night." The picture is in its third week at Ealing.

The players are Michael Redgrave, Mervyn Johns, Roland Culver, Googie Withers, Basil Radford, Naughton Wayne, Judy Kelly, Elisabeth Welch, Sally Ann Howes, Miles Malleon, Hartley Power, Gerry Marsh, Ralph Michael, Mary Merrall, Frederick Valk, Peggy Bryan. The writers of the original stories on which the film is based are H. G. Wells, E. F. Benson, John Baines and Angus MacPhail. Cavalcanti, Basil Dearden, Charles Crichton and Robert Hamer are the directors.

The film consist of a series of macabre episodes linked together by a thrilling story-framework. First of the episodes, featuring Basil Radford and Naughton Wayne and Peggy Bryan, has been completed under the direction of Charles Crichton. The episode is based on H. G. Wells's story, "The Inexperienced Ghost."

DICK GORDON.



PORTRAIT OF A FOOTBALL FAN.

No, we've not gone crazy. Yes, we know it's a picture of Anna Neagle. No, she's not got a rattle in her hand, we know. Yet we maintain that Anna is one of the staunchest supporters of the Arsenal you could find in the whole of Highbury. For years Anna never missed a match when the Gunners were playing at home. Ask her about David Jack's phenomenal body swerve or "policeman" Roberts' little habit of putting centre-forwards in his pocket.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Chuck him off, ref!"

